That you yet know not of; weele ſee our husbands
Before they think of us?

Nerriſſa. Shall they ſee us?

Portia. They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habite,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With that we lack; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutred like young men,
Ile prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reed-voice, and turne two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride, and ſpeake of frayes,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And wiſh for all that, that I had not killd them:
And twenty of theſe punie lyes Ile tell,
That men ſhall ſweare I have diſcontinued ſchoole
Above a twelve-moneth: I have within my minde,
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Iackes,
Which I will practiſe.

Nerriſ. Why, ſhall wee turne to men?

Port. Fie, what a queſtion's that?
If thou wert nere a lewd Interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole device,
When I am in my Coach, which ſtayes for us
At the Parke gate: and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twentie miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Ieſſica.

Clow. Yes truly, for looke you, the ſinnes of the Father are to be laid upon the Children, therefore I promiſe you, I feare you, I was alwayes plaine with you, and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheere, for truly I think you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that is but a kinde of baſtard hope neither.

Ieſ. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Clowne.

Clown. Mary you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

Ieſſica. That were a kind of baſtard hope in deed, ſo the ſinnes of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Ieſſica. I ſhall be ſav'd by my husband, he hath made me a Chriſtian?

Clow. Truly the more too blame he, we were Chriſtians enow before, een as many as could well live one by another: this making of Chriſtians wil raiſe the price of hogs, if we grow all to be pork eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ieſſi. Ile tel my husband *Launcelet* what you ſay; here he comes.

Loren. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly *Launcelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Ieſſi. Nay, you need not feare us *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tels me flatly there's no mercy for me in heaven, becauſe I am a Jewes daughter: and he ſayes you are no good member of the common-wealth, for in converting Jewes to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of porke.

Loren. I ſhall anſwer that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting up of the *Negroes* belly: the Moore is with child by you *Launcelet*.

Clowne. It is much that the Moore ſhould be more then reaſon: but if ſhe be leſſe then an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How every foole can play upon the word, I think the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turne into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: go in ſirra, bid them prepare for dinner.

Clown. That is done ſir, they have all ſtomacks.

Lor. Goodly Lord what a wit ſnapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

Clown. That is done too ſir, onely cover is the word.

Loren. Will you cover than ſir?

Clown. Not ſo ſir neither, I know my duty.